

Mrs. Hilda Faulkner

Tape # 011

Interviewed by Diedra Northern, 6 September 1977

Diedra Northern (DN): This is an interview with Hilda Faulkner of 242 West 225 South, Vernal, Utah, on the sixth day of September 1977. I am Diedra Northern of the Golden Age Center.

Hilda Faulkner (Hilda): When do you want me to start?

DN: Go ahead.

Hilda: These are some of the highlights of my life. My name is Hilda Ardith Belcher Williams Faulkner. I was born September 20, 1903 at Vernal, Utah. I was born to Cora Myrtle Johnson and Edward Harvey Belcher. I was born of goodly parents that walked in the paths of righteousness. I remember my mother telling me, my dad was at church the day I was born and they sent for him to come home to be with my mother. I weighed nine and one half pounds.

The home I was born in, and we lived in most of my childhood, was built by my grandfather, Edward Everett Belcher. He died when my father was fourteen years old and my father helped take care of my Grandmother Belcher and the other five sisters and one brother. So my father bought this home from the estate years later. That house is torn down now. It was on the corner one block south and one block west of Main Street.

My mother had nine children and I was the oldest. I had a very happy childhood. My Grandmother Belcher, named Elizabeth Jane Perk lived with us most of the time. She loved me very much. I remember my mother telling me when Grandmother went on a trip, she put a little black satin dress on me and gave me eggs to eat. So she could take it with her, she also took a lock of my hair.

As I grew older, I attended school in old Central School building that is torn down now. They did not have Kindergarten, but then I finished eight grades there. I was a very serious, conscientious child. When I was sick, I wouldn't tell my mother for fear I would have to stay home. I remember once I had the flu so bad at school I tried to go down the stairs to the restroom and I had such a hot fever I couldn't see, so I sat down on the stairs until I could see.

These are the teachers I had in elementary school: first grade, Kate Calder; second grade, Dora Cook; third grade, Hazel Ashton; fourth grade, Zora Colton; fifth grade, Anna Evans; sixth grade, Nellie Rodabaugh, seventh grade, Mr. Goodwin; eighth grade, Charlie Colton. Finished at Central School and attended the Uintah Academy and graduated there years later.

In 1918, there was a terrible flu epidemic. Many people in Vernal died. They closed all the schools, but some of us kept up in our lessons by sending them to the high school and they mailed us the next lesson. About twenty of us graduated the spring we should have finished. Many dropped back a year. I had a beautiful white graduation dress my mother made, also a white sheer hat my Aunt Pearl gave me for graduation, and white high-heeled slippers and socks.

I was so proud to be a graduate.

I remember Cora and I used to sing duets. My sister Cora and I used to sing duets in Primary and I would get so scared. While I was quite young, they divided the First Ward into two wards, First and Second Ward. We lived in Second Ward. My dad was second counselor in the bishopric. George E. Wilkins was bishop, E. J. Winder first counselor. For several years our ward met in the old Central School. In a few years, our ward built the Second Ward chapel, now the Golden Age Center. My father was treasurer for that chapel. He paid for all the work and materials in the chapel. For several years our family was paid \$20 a month to take care of the chapel. It gave us all a job to do with sweeping and dusting.

My mother was president of the Young Women's Mutual, or MIA. She was organist for many organizations. I remember how girls singing in a girls' chorus would come to our home to practice with my mother teaching them different parts. My mother played the piano and sang. My dad sang bass, played the harmonica and coronet. So many Sundays we spent many hours singing and enjoying the love and happiness we had there. We attended meetings all the time.

I was a very bashful and shy girl, but while I was in the high school, I helped Crystal Lewis help teach the kindergarten and Sunday school. Then I was secretary of the Second Ward Sunday school about four years while I was still in high school. After this I was secretary of the Mutual for about two years.

My mother was sick a great deal, as she had diabetes. I had many of her responsibilities on my shoulders. My nerves would keep me awake all night. While in high school at the Uintah Academy, it was a church high school, I was secretary of our class as a Junior. I was also secretary of our class as Seniors.

My mother had six girls and three boys so always we had work to do. There was no convenience then. Wood and coal was carried in for fires. We had a hydrant outdoors and all [our] water was carried into the house. My dad always had a beautiful garden with rows so straight and beautiful. People would stop to admire his garden. It was my job to pick the cucumbers and there was usually a large, number three size tub full. I never did learn to dance while in high school. I was so shy I wouldn't even speak to a boy. My grandfather, Lycurgus Johnson, had a general store here in Vernal. It was where the First Security Bank is now. [Northeast corner of Main Street and Vernal Avenue.]

My grandmother, Cora Isabell Johnson, laid the cornerstone for the Uintah State Bank, now the First Security Bank, as they bought the land from her and built a bank. My dad was the Vernal Postmaster here then, but the directors of the bank talked him into resigning as postmaster and being the assistant bank cashier. So for years he was postmaster and then assistant cashier at the Uintah State Bank.

As I grew up, I worked in Acorn Mercantile Store. When I was seventeen years old, I graduated from Uintah Academy with a class of twenty. After I graduated I started at home and cared for our family as my mother was very sick with gallstones and there wasn't a hospital here. The road to Salt Lake was just mud, so by spring she was so bad my father, H. Belcher, made arrangements to take her on the stage to Dragon. There they got on a train to Salt Lake. They operated on her and she nearly died from hemorrhaging. I cared for the children for four months. Dad was with her for six weeks. I used to do our washing, mix bread and bake it, do all the ironing. Dixie, my sister, was the youngest. June and Al wasn't born then.

I did a lot of thinking and I decided I would borrow some money and go to summer school when my mother got back. The superintendent said if I would, he would give me a job teaching. So dad went with me to see Ida Preece, an old maid. She loaned me \$150. I was going to stay with Dad's sister, Aunt Lizzie Bartholomew. Also, my friend, Lila Ingberson, was going to stay there with me.

We had a lot of fun that summer. I had a cousin, Alan Howard. He and his wife would take Lila and I with them to Salt Air about every week. It was a resort on the Salt Lake. We would go in swimming. He was a good dancer and helped us know our way around in the city and at dances.

That winter I taught school at Gusher, I had gone to University of Utah all summer. At Gusher I had the first four grades and Carl Preece had fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. I made out all right, but I only made \$80 a month and paid board and room at Jerry Young's place. My aunt was their daughter. It was so lonesome I came home on the stage about every other week. The next year Superintendent Olsen's wife, a friend of mine, told me if I would be secretary of the Mutual, she was president of it, she would get her husband to give me a teaching job in Central School. So after going to summer school again, I taught in Central School. Dad had resigned as head bookkeeper at a big department store, the [Ashley] Co-op, and my folks moved to Salt Lake. But I stayed in Vernal and taught several years in Central. Then I thought I could get a school around Salt Lake, but couldn't, so came back to Vernal and taught third grade in Maeser.

I had gone with Roland Williams for a year, so I really wanted to come back here. He had come to Salt Lake to see me that summer. So I boarded here in Vernal with Arlene Chivers. Roland and I was married January 28, 1925, in Duchesne, Utah (*Vernal Express* says 1926). We then lived in the same house his folks lived in, on the way to Maeser.

Roland's father took real sick after we were married. The doctors here couldn't tell what was the matter. Some of his family took him to Salt Lake to the hospital. He had cancer of the lungs. He died in Logan at a daughter's place. He was buried there. Roland and Dale—now Roland was my husband—Roland and Dale decided to sell that farm, as it was mostly swamp, so Roland and his nephew, Ronald McNeill, leased the place where the golf club is now. That's the country club. We nearly worked ourselves to death that year with over 300 acres of land, with cows, sheep and pigs and hired men all the time. Donna, my daughter, was born that fall, November 9, 1925.

Roland could work harder and faster than anyone I ever knew. After several years of leasing big ranches we leased a place, moved over to Roosevelt on a place. Roland traded most of his stock and farming machinery for... We now had five children and my youngest, Roland Dale, was born after we moved to Roosevelt. My husband, Roland, went to the mountain for a year to get lumber and sawed logs for a home. He would sell one load of lumber each trip to Timothy's lumberyard and keep us in food and groceries. This was all during the Depression. All we had was food, no money for clothing or nice things. We had forty-seven acres of land and the gulch went through our land in the corrals. We lived this way for several years, with the partly-built house we lived in. We had a neighborhood Primary at our home for all the children around there. I took sick and had a miscarriage, so I had to give this up.

We had a hot summer and on July 2, 1939, on Sunday, Roland and the boys had gone to a ranch at Ioka about six miles above our place to take some beautiful horses Roland had traded

for and broke into teams, and he would sell them. He asked Mr. Sandfleece if he could pasture them up there. They rode horses, too. The boys rode horses to a haystack and came in. He said, "I am just smothering. I can't get any air through." He said, "I felt like this last night." I said, "Maybe you are hungry." He said, "No." I got him a cold drink of water. He said, "I think it is my heart, you better make me some coffee," which I did. He went to lay down. I followed him to the bedroom, turned the spread back and raised the window and the sweat was just pouring off from him. I took off his shoes, rubbed his arms and feet. We didn't have a phone, so I sent one of the children on a horse about half a mile down the road to have Mrs. Allred get a doctor to come quick. I took a towel wrung it out with cold water and rubbed his chest and fanned him, but he was dying. I sent one of the children to get my nearest neighbor, Mr. Buchanan. He came running, but Roland was dead. All the blood rushed to his head.. Half hour after this Dr. Saunders came and said it was a heart attack.

Well, I thought I would die. I had three girls and three boys. Donna, the oldest, was thirteen years old; Dale was a year and a half old. I was stuck on a farm with the mortgage to the government and \$900 for cows we had bought. We were milking twelve head of cows and I had lived in the city most of my life. We had cows, horses, pigs and calves.

Well, we buried Roland in Vernal. My mother and Nile, my little brother, was here from Long Beach, so she went to Roosevelt with us for about six weeks. Her heart was bad and I was afraid she might die. She said, "Hilda, the only way this could have been worse would have been if you had died and left these six children."

We had planted a great big garden, Roland and I, so I decided I would try to move to Vernal in that fall after the crops were harvested, and I would try to sell enough cows to live on and pay for Roland's burial, as I even had to buy a burial lot in the Vernal Cemetery, and owed the government \$900.

Our garden provided more than I could believe. I sold tomatoes in lugs all summer to Skaggs Store. Most tomatoes had blithe [blight]. I sold corn. The potatoes produced about twenty-five big sacks of potatoes. I sold two tons of Hubbard squash. I canned all I could so my children could not starve. I sold twelve head of cows to a man from Wyoming, sold stacks of hay, horses, calves, pigs, hay wagons, tools, and farm machinery.

I moved my family to Vernal in a little new house. I even moved one cow and our little white dog over here in the pickup truck. Warren, my brother, helped move one truckload back to Vernal. My mother had made me two beautiful dresses after she went to California and sent them back to me from Long Beach.

After I moved, I decided I had to work somewhere, somehow. Dale was only a year and a half old so I found friends or neighbors to tend him while I worked at Warren's Café. After Donna, Marita and I worked there for several years, I decided I had to make more money. We had moved several times and it was horrible with my little darlings. I was taking classes trying to get certified so I could teach again.

In all this time I didn't forget there was a God. Warren closed to remodel his café, so I got a job stitching saddles at Newton's. It nearly killed me stitching rawhide, but I made \$10.50 a day. Bought my home on Main Street and moved my family there. My children all worked at drug stores, bowling alleys, paper routes, dairies, mortuaries. Everyone knew that they were really good workers and would come to my home to hire them. We all worked day and night.

Then one of my breasts was making me sick. I went to Dr. Cowan in Salt Lake for years. I would stitch saddles all day, ride on the bus that night, go to my sister Cora's in a taxi, go to the doctor's the next day, then on the bus back to Vernal that night and would arrive home about 3 am.

Sometimes I would chill all night and I was afraid I was going to die and leave my children. Roland's parents were both dead, and my mother was an invalid with diabetes and my dad could only take care of her. I would go and stitch saddles all that day, I was bound I was going to pay for my children a home. My children were Donna B. Williams, Marita Pauline Williams, Robert Harvey Williams, Larry Wayne Williams, and Myrtle Jolene Williams, and Roland Dale Williams.

My oldest daughter, Donna B. Williams, married Carl S. Collett at our home March 25, 1946. She was nineteen years old. Their marriage was solemnized April 30, 1962 in the Salt Lake Temple. Marita and Garth Batty were married March 31, 1948 in the Salt Lake Temple. Robert Harvey Williams married Beverly Jean Fisher March 19, 1949 in Nevada. It was later solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple September 25, 1952. Larry Wayne Williams married Jodene Anderson February 18, 1961 at Las Vegas and it was later solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple April 30, 1962. Myrtle Jolene Williams married David Allen Freemyer, May 28, 1954 at the home of Marita and Garth Batty. Roland Dale Williams never married. He was killed in a car wreck August 23, 1955 at Big Piney, Wyoming.

My children all did fine in school and had many friends that were very fine and good boys and girls. I have always been so proud of them. For about ten years I was on the Stake Sunday School Board, working in the Primary department. We visited Sunday schools all over the Uintah Stake.

The year and month of March 1948 was full of various events. March 10th, 1948 my oldest daughter, Donna, had my first grandchild, Craig Collett. My mother, Cora Myrtle Johnson Belcher died March 13, 1948. Marita and Garth were married March 31, 1948. Donna and her baby were still in the hospital when, in the night, my brother Warren and I went to Long Beach on the bus to our mother's funeral.

Then Marita and Garth were married later that month. Bob was drafted in the army, so him and Beverly came home from Fort Knox, June 2, 1952. I had married Alan Faulkner. We lived in Chaos, Washington, with Jolene and Dale. [We] came back to Vernal to see Bob and Beverly as Bob was leaving for Germany. They went through the temple in Salt Lake.

Larry had enlisted in the Navy and had been sent to Tokyo on a battleship, so I was really bitter about my boys being sent to fight. It broke my heart, and I couldn't stand to live around the people here that had sent them. All I could do was cry. Alan was helping drill oil wells up in Washington. We lived up there about two years, but I was so glad to move back to Vernal. I got a job teaching school at Todd School, 5th grade.

My youngest son, Dale Williams, was killed August 23, 1955, in a car accident in Big Piney, Wyoming. They were working in the mountains. Dale was driving. I guess he went to sleep. He was thrown against a pole and killed instantly. I had been going to the University of Utah that summer school, and I had only been home about two weeks when a doctor called and said he was dead. Well, I thought I would die. I had felt all summer like something was going to happen to my Dale. I had a terrible time even teaching school that winter. I would cry and every

time I saw some of his many friends. I couldn't stand it. I had lost my husband and now my son. Alan had been gone to Nevada for seven months and I was alone, I tried to get Larry out of the Navy, but he was chief of staff and they were hand-picked men.

I had joined the Business and Professional Women's Club. I held many jobs there. I was president one year. I was district director three times and vice-director and attended several of their state conventions. On July 23, 1964 I went on a tour to the New York fair. My friend Sarah Richardson and I had decided in January we would plan on going to this tour. About thirty-two from Vernal went on these two buses. We went to the Mormon Pageant at Palmyra in Washington, D.C., to Niagra Falls in Canada and to New York. And did we have a glorious time! Rode on Lake Michigan in a boat; we rode on the Atlantic Ocean around the coast and Statue of Liberty, we went to the Sacred Grove. I never expected.

My father, Edward Harvey Belcher, passed away October 24, 1965, at 1:00 a.m.. He died in a convalescent home in Long Beach. I went to Long Beach with my sister, June Roberts, as she was here on a visit, so we seen Dad put to rest. His funeral was in the LDS Ward, 10th Ward.

February 1966, Bob's wife, Beverly, was operated on for cancer. She had cancer all inside of her. They operated for seven hours and gave her several pints of blood. She lived and survived. The dear Beverly died July 19, 1966 and left Bob, Robyn, Cindy and Jan and Audie. She cried all [the] day she died and she wondered why she had to leave them. We wondered, too, why she had to go.

It was terrible that year before this Alan was put in the mental hospital at Provo. When Beverly took sick, I used to go to Provo every other week to see Alan, and I was teaching school. I promised Beverly several times I would help Bob with their children, so that's what I did for several years. I still taught school and would go to Bob's as soon as school was out, get groceries on the way, see to supper and stay there until about 9:00 or 10:00 p.m. It was a sad time for all of us. I couldn't sleep when I got home. I felt like Beverly was around the house all the time.

At the cemetery is: Roland, died forty-one years old, that was my husband; Dale, my son, was seventeen years old, and Beverly was thirty-five years old, my daughter-in-law.

I was Sunday school secretary for about seven years in Ashley Stake. I bought a nice home in Uintah Stake, so I resigned being secretary. I bought the home I live in in March 1970. I had a decent place to live when I retired from teaching school. I taught until I was nearly 67 years old. After twenty-five years of teaching and raising six children and helping Bob's family. Alan was sent to the mental hospital again. I got a divorce after he had been there ninety days. I decided I just couldn't worry about him ever minute of my life. I will be lucky if I can take care of myself. I had worries and troubles all my married life and I don't need his worries.

I have been in-service director of Uintah Stake Primary, which I feel like is a blessing, because I have to study all the time. I am one of the librarians at the Stake library. I help there about every Sunday before noon. I help at the Uintah Club Retirement Center, have been vice-president for two years. I am on the County Counsel of Aging that controls the Uintah Club. I still substitute as a school teacher. I have been on this counsel for three years.

I just attended a Primary conference in Salt Lake City. There were eight of us and we certainly were inspired by the General Board and it was a privilege and a blessing. I am so thankful for this blessing. We stayed at Hotel Utah. Tonight I attended a meeting counsel on aging. I was selected as "special person" for doing so much for the club.

We will take a bus load of people May the 2nd for this special day at [the] Senior Citizens Center. About fifteen years ago I received a trophy at a county school meeting for service in the community. It was an award by the Uintah County Teachers Association.

I have taught many Sunday school classes in our church.

On May 2, 1974 the Senior Citizens of Uintah Club went to Salt Lake City, as the clubs all over Utah had been invited there by the Salt Lake Club, to a big entertainment at the beautiful Terrace Ballroom. About thirty-four of us went. They had a big program and then turned the time over to Bracken Lee, past governor of Utah to give awards to outstanding members of each club. There were sixteen from all over the state to receive these. We sat on the stage at the Terrace Ballroom. They had a little history of the honored ones, but three of us was late in getting there. After receiving my award I asked if I could say a few words. I thanked them for it, also our club, and told them about the things I had worked on. There was about 2,500 people there, the most I ever talked to. The award was signed by Governor Rampton, Clyde Miller, Secretary of State, and had Utah's gold seal on it. My picture and two of the men's pictures was printed in the *Deseret News* the next day. My club congratulated me and I was happy for such an experience. That hall was packed with people. This award is framed with glass. When I was younger, I was Democratic Chairwoman of this county and also a delegate to two conventions in Salt Lake.

Today is September 14 and I feel like I should write some more in this book. Last Sunday, September 8, 1974, was our stake conference. We are now called Vernal Utah Stake. After talking with Glade Watkins, one of the Stake Presidency, and Art Schaefermeyer, they said most of the Stake Primary was going to be released. The young women needed the experience and Sister Helen Anderson, our president, had told them I was going to have a gallbladder operation. She knew I wasn't well. I had told her the week before, when I gave an in-service lesson. I was sick and there is more preparation all the time and more responsibility. It came as a shock to me, but I am happy about it. I will be 71 this month.

I had been in-service director of the Stake Primary for two years. Hyrum Slaugh and my son, Larry Williams, set me apart September 10, 1972. I enjoyed these two years very much and had studied and learned so much and God has blessed me in so many ways. I had dieted and lost twenty-three pounds and needed to have this operation next month in Vernal, and I think this was the will of the Lord that I should be released, I am so tired of studying and giving lessons. I started teaching when I was in high school. I taught in Sunday school with Crystal Lewis and I have taught ever since.

We have new officers at the Uintah Club and I am just a director now, but I am trying to help the new officers get started. We had a dinner Monday.

I now have thirty-two grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. I am so proud and thankful for all of them. Last night I was told that Cindy Williams, Bob's second girl, is being put up for homecoming queen by the student body council of the Uintah High School. All my grandchildren are beautiful, talented, physically and mentally super, also, my great-grandchildren.

Today is Sunday, another highlight in my life has just passed. Last Friday I was 71 years old and we have been celebrating for several days. I called Jolene Thursday night as I had received a lovely white sweater from her family, sent air mail, so I thought, I guess they won't be

here for my birthday, so I'll call her just to thank her, to tell her I will have my gallbladder operation October 16. She didn't say whether they were coming or not, so I supposed she would just come for the operation. Well, Friday my nephew, Roy Roberts, and his wife, Nancy, came unexpected from Long Beach, California. Then Saturday all our family was going to the 7-11 to have chuckwagon dinner, who comes in their airplane but Jolene, Dave, and the three children. So I was surprised and delighted. So Saturday night thirty of our family ate at the café. I received many beautiful gifts and so many beautiful cards.

Two of my sisters are desperately ill. I just called Hazel in California. She cried all the time as they may have to take her leg to the knee off. We pray to God to cure this infection and purify her blood and body so she will not have to have this done.

On October 16, I had an operation to have my gallbladder removed. There was a big stone in it. I got along fine. I was in the hospital six days. I feel real good now. It has been five weeks ago. I had so many friends come to see me and my family was so wonderful and devoted to me. My brothers and sister have all called from California to talk to me.

March 17, 1975 some of our family went to Hawaii: Bob, Millie, Marita, Garth, Alisha, Lela, Garth's mother, and myself went. It was a wonderful experience and we seen many beautiful things in this world of ours. On our way home I stopped in Los Angeles. My brother, Nile, sisters, June and Dixie, met me at the airport and took me to Long Beach, California, where I spent eight days with four of my sisters and two of my brothers. There are nine brothers and sisters, all of us are still living in 1975. We don't know how long any of us will be here. We had a very happy time there having dinners, and visiting and going places. Then I flew on to Salt Lake, took a bus from Salt Lake to Vernal. I was gone nineteen days, so I was ready to get home. I was so tired. I have had quite a time getting over the operation I had, so I still try to relax some of the time.

I had a grandson, Terrell Collett, married Cheryl Long April 11, 1975. All of our family attended the wedding at the Manila Chapel. May 8th, my granddaughter Robyn Williams was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Nick Richens, then May 10th, my grandson, Terance Batty, entered the LDS Mission home to go to the Philippine Islands on a mission. I am very proud of all of these things my grandchildren do with their lives. May 30th, Cindy Williams graduated from Uintah High School and Seminary, then she was elected queen of Dinosaur Rodeo for three days here and did a real good job.

My grandfather, Lycurgus Johnson, had charge of building our tabernacle up here and he was on the board that helped build that. His funeral was held in the tabernacle that we hold our conferences in. He was a big store owner down here and he was always prominent in all these things. He was sheriff here in Vernal and he was representative to our state legislature for a while, of whatever it was called then, and he knew how to make money and he had a lot of money, I guess. But that's what I remember. My Grandmother Johnson was stake president of the Stake Mutual for years, and I have a diary of hers and she tells how they went with the horses and buggies to visit these different MIAs and things that she was president of. She was a great person, too. She was really a wonderful person.

DN: Who was Deb Johnson?

Hilda: Well, she was Aunt Deb. She was an aunt of ours. She married one of the Johnsons, but then, I don't know what her husband's name was. I can't remember that. But she was kind of different, too, she was. I used to hear she smoked a pipe [laughter], but I don't think she belonged to the Church.

DN: Oh, didn't she?

Hilda: I don't believe Aunt Deb did. But anyway, as you go back in time why, I have had many blessings even though I have had lots of troubles. I have had many blessings and the Lord has really been good to me, so many things. I sometimes feel like I have been alone most of my life except for my children and still yet they are my jewels, really, and they are the ones that I fall back on if I need help or something. My family and I. They have really been good to me.

Beginning of side two:

But it was the WPA building and, of course, things use to be a lot different than they are now. I said the schools were different, too, because I made \$80 the first years I taught school, \$80 a month. I said I'd like to see anybody teach school for that now. 'Course that was quite a lot of money in those days and I boarded over at George Young's the first year I taught school and paid them most of what I had, and I wasn't used to living out in the country. I lived right in town all my life and I would come home about every other weekend. They had a big stage, a big, black car that would come through there, come through Gusher, over here, and I would watch for them and they'd pick me up, pick me up on the highway. Youngs lived on the highway and I would come home about every other week because I couldn't stand it staying over there all the time. Because it was just out in the toolies, you know. I wasn't use to that, living in town all those years.

DN: What was the valley like?

Hilda: Well, it certainly isn't like it is now because now I drive out here, too. Oh, just out here in Davis Ward where I used to go to Sunday school. I used to be on the Stake Board and I'd go out there to Davis Ward. Sometimes I would ride with some of the high councilmen or something out there to Davis Ward. I remember I rode to Naples one time and then I walked on out to Davis Ward and then when I got there I had to teach a class, I mean the class that I was supervising, I had to teach it. So, it's just one of those. That's the way times have changed, though. I remember one time that... 'Course Alvin Weeks was the Stake Superintendent most of the time while I was on the stake board. He was Stake Superintendent and one Sunday my family came home from Stake Conference and I hadn't gone to conference that day because I usually had to work on a job all of the time to keep my family living, and I hadn't gone to Stake Conference. So they come home and they said, "Oh, Mama, you should have been to Stake Conference! Alvin Weeks was one of the speakers and he talked about how there was some of them that would pick you up every Sunday morning to go to Sunday school somewhere, and said you had never failed 'em Once. You were ready to go. Even though you had six children, you were ready to go visit a Sunday school to try and help 'em and make it better."

So, I felt kind of guilty to think I hadn't been to conference that day. He said, "She is probably here in the building." and I wasn't in the building at all. I was home. But I said things like this happen, you know. You can't be everywhere all the time. Because, I had these children and I seen that they went to church, too, on Sunday because I couldn't even have gone myself, unless they weren't going to go too. So, that was part of it, to see that they got off to Sunday school and I had somebody pick me up that was using a car. We'd go to Lapoint, Tridell, and those were in our stake.

DN: They were all one stake?

Hilda: Yes, they were in our stake then and we went to Tridell, Lapoint and those places, and we went allover the stake to visit every Sunday somewhere to try and help the Sunday schools. It's different than it is now, so I don't know, it seems like there is a lot of miles in your life, and still yet before you know it you are an old person and you wonder where all your time is gone. I said if I didn't keep busy all the time... I've had these women over to the retirement center tie me a couple of quilts and I made the tops and I've got another one to tie off. I pay em to tie 'em you know, those women that's trying to make some money to go to Disneyland. So I've got another one for them to do, which I go over and help them do, and I canned fruit yesterday. I canned about fourteen quarts of plums. Would you like to hear the in-service lesson I did a few weeks ago?

DN: Sure.

Hilda: Called upon to follow the Savior to the end, through trials or persecution, through wealth and ease, through periods of tiredness, through all the hazards of mortality, our challenge is to walk the straight and narrow path continually. I sometimes wonder how to walk this path.

Elaine has asked me to talk about some of the periods of my life that has really broken my heart and I have still tried to go on and make my life worthwhile. I hope you will bear with me in these thoughts. It seems like we make our own and we are the captains of our ship. Please don't take me wrong. God had blessed me in so many ways. I have had many good things in my life. At times I have had one hill after another to climb. Sometimes I didn't know whether I would make these hills or not. I was married to Roland Williams. We had six children, we moved from here to Roosevelt to farm forty-seven acres. One Sunday Roland had a heart attack and died before we could get a doctor. I was alone with my children. On this farm we had twelve cows to milk and all the chores that go with a farm.

As a girl I had lived in Vernal City all my life. I had taught school at Central for years and my mother and little brother came from California and stayed with us about two months. I very well remember my mother saying, "Well, Hilda, the only way this could have been worse is if you had died and left these children." My oldest girl, Donna Collett, was thirteen and my youngest boy, Dale, one and half years old.

Well, I decided I would have to move off the farm and get on a job so I could make a living for my children, as now I had to be father and mother both and I wasn't a farmer. Well, we sold cream all summer and had a beautiful garden that Roland had helped me plant. He had died

July 2, so we proceeded to sell the stock, equipment, hay and crops that summer. We moved to Vernal in the fall.

After a one and half years I took my family to the temple and had our temple work done. My mother made most of our white clothes for this. This was certainly a spiritual experience I will never forget. My Dale was two years old then, and I decided I had to have more schooling to get a teaching certificate, so I spent nights studying and days working. Two different years I had four children in high school. All of us worked to be able to live. My children have been my jewels. My youngest son, Dale, was seventeen years old he was killed in Big Piney, Wyoming, while driving to his apartment from the oil wells in the night. He would have graduated from high school that next spring. When his father had died, I didn't let the children see me cry, I would go in the bedroom to cry. My son, Bob, would cry in the night. I would go to him and he would say, "I am all right." When we lost Dale, I thought I would die, but I never forgot there was a God and prayed for his help. I was teaching school and at times I would go out in the hall and cry, all of his friends everywhere I went broke my heart.

I kept on taking college classes in Vernal, Roosevelt and Duchesne. The day I was fifty-five, I received my teaching certificate—I was fifty-five years old—in the mail. I had taught school twenty-five years. I raised six children.

Now I have thirty-two grandchildren, fourteen great grandchildren, and worked at many things. I taught school until I was nearly sixty-seven and I didn't know what I would do with my life, with my family all married and I'd been used to about thirty schoolchildren. But I just kept so busy. I have had so many blessings, I can't count them. My family have been a joy to me and all work in the church.

About eleven years ago Bob's wife, Beverly Williams, died of cancer and left four small children and Bob, well, I just kept saying to myself, "Beverly just can't die." But after being with her and Bob for months and watching her suffer and the best medical help couldn't save her, I decided there are worse things than death. God took home a very choice spirit. For two years I was at Bob's home after school every night, bought their groceries and got their supper. One night I kissed each of the children good night and little Audie said, "Grandma, kiss Daddy. He doesn't have anyone to kiss him now." They are all wonderful children. God must have had a mission for Beverly. Bob has done a great job, too. They have had an Indian boy living with them for nine years. All these children, even Darrell, take piano lessons. The three girls sew. Cindy is queen of the BYU rodeo team. Beverly would have been mighty proud of their family.

I just feel that all these experiences have made me know that God lives. He has heard and answered my prayers hundreds of times and I am richly blessed for having had these things in my life.

That's just part of a lesson she asked me to give, she thought I hadn't done one for a while.

****End****